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thought, was the Pharaoh who was drowned in the Red Sea. This he does on the authority of Manetho, as quoted by Josephus, which, he says, is confirmed by the genealogical table in the palace at Abydos. "Manetho," says M. Champollion (*Précis*, p. 275), "giving an account of the second invasion of the Shepherds into Egypt, in the reign of Amenophis III., father of Sethos, says, in effect, that 'the king,' troubled at the news of the arrival of these strangers, set out in order to fight with them, after having intrusted his son Sethos, who was then five years old, and who was also called Rameses, from Rampses his father, to a sure friend." Further on, Manetho relates that 'Amenophis the third, not having been able to resist the Shepherds, retired with his son into Ethiopia, where he remained many years; but at length, having gathered together an Ethiopian army, he re-entered Egypt, along with his son Rampses, who himself commanded at that time a body of troops.'"

"M. Champollion has here given, accurately enough, the words of Josephus (*Cont. Apion.*, i. 26, 27); but he has completely misapplied them. Had he attended to the context, he would have seen that the Amenophis and Rampses, who are spoken of in this passage, are not, as he imagines, the last king of the xviiith dynasty and the first of the xixth, but the third and fourth kings of the xixth.—Josephus expressly says that this Amenophis reigned 518 years after the first expulsion of the Shepherds, that is, after the commencement of the xviiith dynasty; and he proves this from the words of Manetho. The princes of the xviiith dynasty reigned in all three hundred and ninety-three years. Then came the two brothers Sethos and Hermeus, who commanded the xixth dynasty, and whom he identifies with the Egyptians and Danaus of the Greeks.—Sethos, says Manetho, cast the other out of Egypt, and reigned fifty-nine years, as did his son Rhampses after him sixty-six years.—Amenophis is mentioned by Manetho as the next king; and the commencement of his reign is subsequent to the expulsion of the Shepherds by Tethmosis.—(See Josephus, *Cont. Apion.*, i. 26.)

"Now, whatever opinions may be entertained respecting the correctness of Manetho's statements, in the whole or in part, it is plain, from what has been said, that he does not state that Rameses, or Sethos, the founder of the xixth dynasty, was the son of Amenophis; and in the absence of such a statement, his mention of the dynasty being changed, would seem to imply, that he was not so related to his predecessor.

"I turn now to the table of Abydos, which has been supposed to confirm this pedigree of Rameses, but which appears to me to furnish a strong presumptive argument against it.

"It is well known that, in the lowest horizontal line of this table, the prænomen and name of Rameses the Great are arranged in alternate ovals; each occurring, when the table was complete, ten times. Over these are two other lines, which seem to have originally contained thirty-nine different prænomens, and a single name, following the last prænomen, which is precisely the same as that in the lowest line. The sovereign, who bore this last name and prænomen, is admitted on all hands not to have been the father of Rameses the Great, but his ancestor in a remote degree. Why then, it may be asked, are the interme-

diante names omitted? It is difficult to give a satisfactory answer to this question, if we suppose, that the kings who reigned during this interval were interposed in genealogical succession between the two Rameses mentioned in the table. But the difficulty would be removed, by supposing that Rameses the Great was of a different family from his immediate predecessors, but equally descended from the former Rameses (Rameses II. of Champollion-Figeac). I would not venture to advance this supposition, as proved by this genealogical table. I merely say, that the table should not be appealed to as confirming a different theory, when it is at least equally reconcilable with that which I have mentioned.

"I cannot, however, help remarking, that the anxiety of the great Rameses to prove his descent from the royal stock, is, in my mind, a strong presumptive argument against his being the son of his predecessor, and of course universally admitted to belong to it. Not only did he cause this genealogical table to be constructed in his palace, but among the titles in his first oval he selected 'of the race of the Sun,' in addition to the matter-of-course 'Son of the Sun,' between his ovals. It is remarkable, that in this particular he was afterwards imitated by Shishonk, who, it can scarcely be questioned, became the founder of a dynasty by usurpation or conquest.*

"*Hieroglyphical Tablet, commemorative of Julius Cæsar.* In M. Champollion's letter to M. Dacier, and Mr. Salt's Essay, there is a tolerably complete series of the names of the Roman emperors from Augustus to Commodus. Some inaccuracies occur, indeed, in both of these publications, especially in Mr. Salt's; but, in general, the readings published are correct. M. Champollion, in his Egyptian tour, has continued the series, having read the names of Severus and Geta; and it is probable, that some of the names 'Antoninus,' which occur on the temples, may be intended for the emperor whom we call Caracalla.

"The series of hieroglyphical legends of Roman Emperors is thus extended from Augustus, or the Christian era, to the beginning of the third century. I am not aware, however, that a Roman name, prior to that of Augustus, has been, as yet, read in hieroglyphical characters by any one but myself; and yet it is a fact, that there is a tablet in the British Museum, bearing the name of the first and greatest of the Cæsars. The gentlemen who have published the valuable paper on Egyptian Monuments in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, have, indeed, explained this name, which occurs in their thirty-fourth figure, as Verus, or Severus; they think, but are not positive, that the letters compose the word BEERES. The first, however, a feather, is A, E, or I; it has

* The fact of Shishonk being the founder of a new dynasty, for which we have the express testimony of Manetho, explains an apparent inconsistency in the sacred writings, as has been already remarked in the CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for January, 1829. Solomon married the daughter of Pharaoh: yet Solomon's enemy, Jeroboam, fled for refuge from him to the court of Shishak, king of Egypt, by whom he was favourably received. This Shishak, it is observed, was of a new family, unconnected with Solomon, and who had probably dethroned his brother-in-law. There may be some weight also in the remark which is there made, that the reason why the Jewish historians do not call this prince 'Pharaoh,' as they do the other kings of Egypt, was, that the considered him an usurper, and consequently to have no right to that title, which, without regarding its interpretation in the Egyptian language, was understood by foreigners to denote the legitimate sovereign of Egypt.

neither the shape nor the reversed position of the feather that represents S; the third is an L or R; the fourth an I; and the fifth and last an S. The last two characters, at the end of foreign proper names, universally represent IUS or ÆUS, never a simple US. The characters, therefore, whatever may be the value of the second of them, cannot possibly represent either of the names suggested in the paper; nor is there any which was borne by a Cæsar, (and the name which accompanies this is, unquestionably, 'Cæsar,') which can correspond with the characters already specified, except AELIUS and IULIUS. The second character is a leg. In the name 'Berenice,' it represents a B, as well as in some other decisive instances; it is, therefore, unlikely, that it should come to represent an E, or rather to be superfluous, as would be the case if the former word were intended; but B, V, and U are similar letters, and easily interchanged; and, in point of fact, are actually interchanged in phonetic hieroglyphics. There can, therefore, be no objection to the name being read IULIUS; nor is there any other name to which it can correspond."

Apropos of Egyptian antiquities, we may subjoin, that the *Astrolabe* having completed a voyage round the world, has recently arrived at *Havre*, laden with the spoils collected by M. Champollion, and that the Members of the Tuscan Scientific expedition to Egypt, have recently returned with no fewer than thirteen hundred drawings of the most interesting basso-relievos, which they met with on the exterior, and in the interior of Egyptian monuments.

Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science, No. VIII.—Lizars, Edinburgh.

This is a very spirited and well conducted record of all the most interesting facts and discoveries in general Science, Geography, and Natural-history. The present number contains original papers on the native forests of Aberdeenshire, and on the Outer-Hebrides; descriptions of a new Torricellian air-pump, and a newly discovered species of flounder, each with a plate, and a number of able Scientific Reviews. The plates in this work are numerous and always excellent, as is indeed the whole Magazine.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, May 10th, 1830.

The weather has suddenly changed here from the most delightful summer to a cold spring; but vegetation has not been checked, and the produce of the earth is everywhere in abundance. All the luxuries of spring are so cheap, even in this crowded city, as to astonish the English residents; and there is a reasonable prospect of an abundant crop of fruit, for the table. The papers of the wine districts state, that the vines suffered so much during the winter, that the quantity will be small. This, at present, however, must be mere conjecture; but should it prove true, the wine drinker will find no inconvenience—for the stock of wine on hand is considerable.

There have been no publications of note here during the last fortnight; and, in the way of amusement, there has been very little of interest. The theatres have been badly attended.

The following were the receipts during the last month :

	fr.	c.
Théâtre de Madame	67,156	85
Opéra Comique	46,033	65
Nouveautés	45,762	45
Opéra	44,100	—
Odéon	40,526	80
Théâtre Français	39,578	5
Ambigu	35,984	55
Vaudeville,	35,715	75
Variétés	28,201	55
Gaieté	27,846	35
Italien	26,799	45

A good deal of gossip has been created lately by an announcement that the celebrated Bronze Elephant, which was originally intended to have been placed on the site of the Bastille, is now to be erected on a pedestal of French stone, in an open space of the Champs Elysées; the city of Paris having granted the ground to the architect, M. Alavoine, for 80 years, on condition of the elephant becoming, at the expiration of that time, the property of the city. It is intended to fit up the inside of the elephant as a *salon*, and to erect staircases in the legs, for visitors to ascend to the castle on the top, which will be at the height of about 100 feet from the ground. In order to repay the architect for his enormous outlay in the construction of this stupendous statue, the visitors will be charged one franc each, on entrance. There can be no doubt of the success of the scheme.

It was stated some time ago that the Sultan had sat for his portrait to an English artist; and that the Mufti, alarmed at the innovation, had made remonstrances on that subject to the Sultan, who had laughed at him for his folly. It appears, however, that the artist has been compelled to leave Constantinople, to avoid assassination by the agents of this fanatic Mussulman.

At the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences, a paper was read on "the means of navigation in the air."

Ever since the origin of aerostation, it has been a matter of anxiety to render air carriages a means of communication. Ingenious experiments, hazardous and frequently fatal, and others only ridiculous, have been often essayed, and always without success. The application of steam, which has been made for the last twenty years the most universal means of water conveyance, added to the invincible difficulties which aerial navigation presented, had put a stop to all experiments.

M. Dupuis Delcourt, the author of the paper presented to the Academy, however, has put forth a hypothesis, which appears plausible. He describes the shape of his machine, and the pieces of which it is composed. It is a lengthened balloon, cylindrical, with a mast like a ship, ending in front by a cone, near which are arranged the means of guiding, which consist of wheels with wings acting in a horizontal direction. At the end of the machine is a helm, and a prow is at the lower extremity. It is useless to examine the utility of these various parts, that can only be demonstrated by calculation, and the inventor has not used any to determine the effect: he does not even say positively what force he proposes to apply to the machine. Human powers are quite inadequate, he has thought of steam; but then the engines must be immense. There would be an increase of surfaces in a greater proportion than the increase of power, and conse-

quently there would be an increase of resistance by the air, and therefore there must be an increase of capacity.

An immense difficulty which the inventor does not appear to have considered, is the great variation of the force requisite to direct an air machiné, a person may be able to guide such a vessel in calm weather, another, by more complicated machinery, may be able to make way against a light breeze, but in opposing a violent wind for an immense distance, is the problem. A traveller embarking in an air machine at Paris to go to America, may stick fast on the summit of Hymallis, or be wrecked in the midst of the polar ice.

However the efforts of M. Dupuis Delcourt deserve consideration, and although he has not solved the problem, they may be the first steps to great results. At another sitting of the Academy a letter was read from M. Gambart, of Marseilles, mentioning that he had discovered a comet in the head of the Little Horse. The tail is already half a degree in length. It was mentioned, however, in the course of the sitting, that this new comet had been previously seen with the naked eye from the observatory at Paris. At the same sitting, M. Cassini, sen. made a favourable report relative to a collection of curious plants which had been made on Mount Sinai. In the course of the sitting an interesting memoir, by M. Milne Edwards, was read, relative to the organization of the mouths of animals which live by suction; some interesting discoveries are stated to have been made lately, in a cave near Palermo:—a very large heap of bones was found at the extremity of the cave, amongst which were recognised three of the elephant, the hippopotamus, the mammoth, and other animals, the races of which are now extinct.

It appears, from a statistical account lately published in the Netherlands, that the number of persons in prison in that country, on the 31st of December, 1829, was 6499—of whom 5426 were males, and 1173 women—being one to every 932 inhabitants.

Rome, April 17, 1830.

Some very interesting discoveries have been recently made in several parts of ancient Etruria. Eight or ten *tumuli* have been opened to the west of Tarquinia. The paintings of the interior of the sepulchral chambers, are very good, and are in a high state of preservation; but the painting of the exterior is very inferior to that of the interior. Several vases of large dimensions, and in the first style, covered with fabulous animals, were found in these tombs. Near Corneto were discovered several stone coffins, surmounted with couchant statues, and which appear to belong to the period of the lower empire.

The following particulars, relative to the religious ceremonies which took place here during passion-week, are curious, and will, I trust, prove interesting to you, my dear President, and to your beloved public. The ceremonies begin on the Wednesday, and such is the curiosity they excite, that the streets are usually crowded with spectators of all nations. On that day the *Miserere* was chanted at the Sixtine chapel, and it was executed in such good style as to give delight to the immense crowds which were assembled. On the next day, the cardinals, with all their suite, and accompanied by the clergy, went in procession, following the body of our Saviour, which was deposited in

the chapel. From the great age of the holy father, and his state of suffering, he was not able to go through the ceremony of washing the feet of the twelve apostles, and he was, therefore, represented by a cardinal. The apostles were represented by twelve men of different nations, clothed in white, and they were served at table by a cardinal. The spectacle of the blessing by the pope, was a most splendid one; all the troops were under arms, and the crowd was immense. At twelve o'clock, his holiness appeared at the tribune of St. Peter, clothed in white, with the tiara on his head, and surrounded with the officers of his household, bearing, according to custom, immense fans. The spectacle, altogether, should be seen to be imagined, as this Easter ceremony of the pope's blessing is certainly a most splendid one. In the evening the *Miserere* was again chanted in the chapel. On the Friday, the ceremony of the adoration of the cross took place, when a whole people may have an opportunity of seeing the princes of the church, clothed in purple, prostrate themselves to the earth. On that day the hundred lamps, which burn throughout the whole year round the tomb of St. Peter, are extinguished, and in the evening the church is filled with paintings, and, by means of tastefully-managed light and shade, a beautiful effect is produced.

On Saturday, the baptism of those converted to the Catholic religion, took place at Saint Jean de Lateran, they were four in number, three Jews and a Turk from Smyrna. Most of the Spectators were Englishmen, who do not behave in the most decorous manner, and indeed they seemed inclined to turn the ceremony into ridicule. On Easter-day the imposing ceremonies were resumed, and at ten o'clock the mass, at which the Cardinals were present, commenced. To a spectator, placed upon a height, the most magnificent spectacle presents itself, for the whole of Rome with its ruins, seems before him; and around the eternal city the Sabine mountains form an arid and picturesque circle. The Pope made his appearance, borne in an arm chair covered with scarlet velvet, and surrounded with a numerous and brilliant assembly of ecclesiastics, and officers of his household. The procession slowly mounted the stair-case, and I had an opportunity of contemplating the features of the Venerable Pope Pius. He appeared to be very unwell, but his countenance betokened the utmost amiability and benignity. All these pompous ceremonies were succeeded by a brilliant exhibition of fire-works, from the cupola of St. Peter's, and thousands of lamps were simultaneously lighted. By the bye, I may mention in conclusion, that the person who lights the lamps upon the cross, always confesses himself before he executes that dangerous office, for if the cord which supports it should break, he would inevitably be dashed to pieces.

London, May 12, 1830.

The only thing now talked of in the literary world is Paul Clifford, by Mr. Bulwer, the author of Pelham. Very few persons have read this work, for the demand for it is so great that the publishers have kept it back, until they can get a sufficient number together for general delivery. My copy has been so short a time before me, that I have only had an opportunity of dipping into it. Perhaps you have been more fortunate. The story has been partially told in the puff preliminary of

Messrs. Colburn and Bentley. The hero, Gentleman George, is represented as the keeper of a flash house. Paul Clifford is the captain of a gang of swindlers, among whom are Natty Ned, in whom we recognise a nobleman holding high office, and who is remarkable for his personal dandyism, and Fighting Attie, who is meant, I imagine, to represent a still higher personage. It is altogether a very clever book, and will, I have no doubt, command a larger sale than even Pelham, although the subject is less calculated for general novel readers.* The sum paid for the copyright has been stated to me as very large, but the publishers will certainly reap considerable profit.

I have already taken occasion to notice the squabbles in the Club of the Literary Union; these, I am glad to say, are growing slighter and slighter every day, and a reasonable prospect is now entertained that the Club will go on prosperously and respectably. Dissension, however, has broken out among their splendid neighbours at the Athenæum. The members of that club formerly occupied the house now used by the Literary Union, but becoming too aristocratic for a building, the rent of which is only four or five hundred a-year, they erected, at a cost of about forty thousand pounds, a magnificent house in the immediate neighbourhood, in which, allowing five per cent. for their capital, and adding the ground rent, and some other items, they will stand at a rental of upwards of three thousand guineas a-year, to say nothing of the enormous expenditure required for servants, and contingencies. Many of the members who disapproved in the first instance of the removal, have now formed a party to oppose the committee generally; and a very stormy meeting is expected, I believe, this evening, to discuss the general merits of the management.

Notwithstanding the almost unprecedented dullness in the trade for periodicals, four or five new weekly papers of different kinds have come out lately, among them are two French papers, *Le Representant des Peuples* and *L'Indépendant*; the first is a sort of political pamphlet, of two sheets and a quarter, published at one shilling and four pence; it is ultra-liberal even to violence, but it displays a great deal of talent, and notwithstanding the high price, is already a profitable concern. The editor is M. Le Diere, a French gentleman, who was for many years the intimate friend and companion of the celebrated General Dumourier.—The second is a regular stamped French newspaper, at one shilling; also liberal in its politics, and which, from some strange mistake, has been attributed to the Polignac party. A slight perusal, however, of the first number, will clearly show the error of this assertion, it is well written, and both the papers to which I have alluded, are proofs of the facility with which foreigners may express their opinions in this country.

I mentioned to you some time ago, that patents had been taken out in Great Britain and Ireland, for the application of a new steam power to carriages and ships; the possessor of these patents has declared, that by means of a boiler of very small size, he will be able to produce a greater effect than can be obtained by the largest boilers now in use, as he has the means of condensing his vapour into fluid, and

* We beg of our readers to turn back to page 307, and read once more the last sentence of our review of this book.

reproducing it in the gaseous form, renewing the operation, as it were, *ad infinitum*. No practical use, however, seems yet to have been made of this new principle, and the probability is, that nothing useful will proceed from it, as no material can be discovered of sufficient strength, to resist the explosive power of the vapour.

The French papers which arrived this morning, inform us that a new telegraph, equally as effective in the night as in the day, is to be used in the expedition to Algiers, to hold correspondence between the head quarters and the distant outposts, as well as the fleet. We are assured that the lights to be employed as night signals, are so constructed, that they may be distinguished clearly five or six leagues at sea. This, if true, is really important information, for I believe that no night telegraph hitherto invented, was ever found to succeed at a distance of more than two leagues.

There is very little of interest now stirring in the theatrical world; Mr. Charles Wright, and Mr. Bunn, are still competitors for Drury-lane theatre, but the report is, that if it is not let to Mr. Wright, the committee will keep it in their own hands, under the management of Mr. Wallack. Mr. Wright, however, declares, that he is certain of obtaining it, as he is willing to add even to the large sum which he had already offered for it; the prevailing opinion is, that it will be a ruinous concern, unless the star system can be got rid of, and the public will support a respectable regular company. The English Opera performers will commence their season in July, at the Adelphi Theatre, and it is hoped that the English Opera House will be re-built by next year, as all the money is now ready for the commencement of operatives. The only difficulty is, as to the new street.

It is expected that a magnificent opening will be made before the end of the summer, from Carlton Gardens into the Park, as the commissioners of woods and forests and their excellent and indefatigable chief, are anxious for the improvement.

LADY'S LETTER.

London, May 3, 1830.

Well, good Mr. President, I cannot think you the most polite of men, inasmuch as you headed my last communication, 'Lady's Letter.' What did you mean by so describing it? Did you suppose that any one could mistake a lady's letter, for a gentleman's? Mais n'im-

It is really too bad thus to be called 'a naughty man' for doing our very prettiest bit of behaviour, which we intended as a mark of our most distinguished consideration. We readily concede to our fair correspondent, that no one who read her lively letter could have mistaken it for the production of one of the hermits of creation; but how many might have passed it by, as "so deuced stupid that they never read a word of it," had they supposed it an ordinary piece of "original correspondence;" whereas, the *air distingué* of 'Lady's Letter,' fascinated at once the admiring gaze of the seven millions at least, to say nothing of the more phlegmatic Englishers. On looking at the date of our amiable friend's letter, we have, however, to crave the clemency both of our readers and writers, and entreat of 'pretty puss' to fold her claws within their velvet sheath, while we disclose the astounding fact, that our respected friend in London, in his eager zeal to secure the latest information for us, was a minute behind the post last week, whereby the packet containing our foreign and British correspondence arrived just when our paper had gone to press, with the melancholy fact, 'TOO LATE!'

Stamped like a burning brand upon its brow, in the red letters of the post-office. We had to supply this *hiatus vacuæ defendens* on the spur of the moment, as best we might; but our readers will perceive that we are most amazingly rich in that department this time.

Being a particular favourite with some of the mighty in art, I was so fortunate as to obtain admission to the private view of the pictures at Somerset house: at some of the exhibitions that I could name, the *private* views are always the most *public*: such, however, is not the case at our grand national pictorial display; each academician has only the privilege of bestowing two tickets, which, of course, are presented to his best patrons, and he is allowed to take one person in when he enters: consequently, the visitors are limited in number, and generally persons of the highest rank. It is delightful to witness the union of art and aristocracy, and the deep interest that is felt by the groups, who seek amid the gorgeous assembly the productions of their favourite artists. The duchess of St. Alban's, and her tiny duke, (whom a country friend of mine imagined in her simplicity was her son,) were amongst the company. The duke and duchess of Bedford, the marquis of Stafford, lady G. Agar Ellis, and her excellent husband. Mathews, looking happy and exultant, an admirable title-page to his comic annual. By the way, I was gratified by observing the applause he heartily bestowed upon one of Rothwell's pictures; for he is an excellent judge, and the possessor of a well-filled gallery of the best theatrical portraits extant. As I have mentioned our artists' name, I may as well tell you, that it is universally acknowledged that "the Irish Lawrence" has sustained his reputation: from the numerous orders he has had, he could not *prepare* any picture particularly, for the exhibition, for he literally had not time: had he as some of his friends wished—not exhibited, the members of the Royal Academy—the titled "face-painters" would have up-lifted the voice and finger of scorn, and said that Rothwell feared them; so it is best as it is: true, his pictures are *only* portraits, but they are living, breathing ones—graceful and striking likenesses. The great room is rich in Wilkies—and the two pictures of our gracious sovereign are, under present circumstances, full of painful interest. The king's visit to Holyrood house, is a glorious picture. In the front, his majesty is represented accompanied by two pages, while a trumpeter in the rear announces, that the king is about to enter the palace of Scotland. In front of his majesty, the duke of Hamilton, first peer of Scotland, in the plaid of the earls of Arran, is presenting the keys of the palace, of which he is hereditary keeper. On the right of the king, is the duke of Montrose, lord chamberlain, pointing towards the entrance, where is stationed the duke of Argyll, in his family tartan, as hereditary keeper of the household: behind him is the crown of Robert Bruce, supported by Sir Alexander Keith: near him is carried the mace of the Exchequer, anciently the chancellor's mace, when Scotland was a separate kingdom; but I had almost said chief in interest is Sir Walter himself, in the character of bard, or historian of Scotland. These are accompanied by a varied multitude, pressing forward to behold their sovereign. The picture is an exhibition in itself. I *privately* tell you, that I like not the portrait of his majesty, by the same artist: it is too like the moulded figures you see in the snuff-shops. Wilkie is a thin spare man; timid in his address, and retiring in his manners; his eye is small and grey—restless—and at times, though not often, brilliant; he receives compliments with embar-

rassment, and is ever at a loss what to say in return: you would note him at once as an awkward man of genius.

Howard has several pictures, all imaginative and beautiful, classic and correct—the most exquisite to my taste is his Shakspeare: it is all poetry. Can I say more than that the execution is worthy of the subject? Pickers-gill has some well painted and highly finished portraits; but nothing so pensively beautiful as his "Greek Girl" of last season. Mulready, another "talented" artist, (as we of the western isle call it) is worthy of being an Irishman; one whose pathos is never mawkish, whose humour is never vulgar, and whose power is never tyrannical; the Walter Scott of painting. He exhibits many pictures this year,—all admirable in their way. I must not forget In-shipp's charming "Isaak Walton," nor O'Connor's spirited "Glen of the Rocks," nor young M'Clise's beautiful water-colour portraits of Campbell, Miss Landon, and others, which unite delicacy and strength;—these three latter are, I am proud to say, Irishmen also; nor the melancholy Boxall's touching personification of Beattie's tender lines—

"Ah, who can tell how many a soul sublime,
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war?"

Provoking creature that he is!—Would you believe it, I looked at that picture until my eyes got so uncomfortable and odd, that Mr. Etty, the kindest of all the R. A.'s, asked "what had so moved me."

Etty is, as usual, magnificent; only I wish he would drape his figures a little more. Daniel, the Hafiz of painting, transports you fairly to the eastern clime, and leaves you to meditate on its wonders. I have always heard that he is a most faithful painter. I am tired of Tuez de Castro; but Briggs' delineation of her parting from her children is most interesting.

Turner's productions are varied and extraordinary. "Palestrina, a composition," is one of those things that can never be forgotten.—I can give you no idea of its glowing and gorgeous beauty.

There is a thing of his called "Jessica," evidently painted to shew the power of chrome yellow. What an ugly little mortal he is! wizened and odd, not even so good looking as Etty, who would be the ugliest man in London, but for one simple cause, his good-nature, pure unaffected good-nature, that renders him the darling of all the students of the Royal Academy, and irradiates his countenance, until you wonder you ever thought him less than beautiful. There is the superiority of mind over matter—the contest between clay and spirit—he is beloved by every body.

Wood's "Orphans" is a sweet picture; it is intended as one of the embellishments for the forthcoming Amulet. Stanfield's "Mount St. Michall" is a most extraordinary production: the very spirit of storm hovers o'er it, and you almost feel it necessary to shield yourself from the dashing spray.

"The Artist's Mother, when in the eighty-first year of her age," by J. Ward, R.A. is one of those touching pertritures, that treat of aged beauty; it is exquisite, and so pleasing—just what youth can love and venerate. "The Fall of Phaeton," by the same gentleman, is very like a shower of crabs and lobsters; however his other pictures atone for such an invasion on good taste. Collins! ay

that man is indeed a painter. A particular friend of mine calls him the Wordsworth of art. I looked upon his "Muscle Gatherers," until I felt the breezes of ocean fan my cheek, and fancied lady Londonderry's voice, which was eloquently discoursing on the merits of some favoured work, the rippling of the gentle waves. No one to see Collins would set him down for a genius, he is simply a gentleman, mild and pleasing, without foppery, affectation, or even peculiarity of any kind.

Newton is fortunate in his choice of subjects this year. "Shylock giving Jessica his keys," is a charming picture. The fingers of the justly distrustful Jew linger on the bunch, and there is a conscious expression of anxiety and plot on the countenance of the maiden, which is particularly happy. "Abbot Boniface" gazing indolently on the fire, partly engaged in meditating on his past and present fortunes, and partly occupied by endeavouring to trace towers and steeples in the red embers, is a deep and powerful delineation—well worthy of the most graceful and polished pencil of the age. By the way, Charles Kemble dressed the Shylock, (through which he ranted,) according to Newton's idea, and so looked, if he did not act, it well.

How could I so long have forgotten some beautiful portraits by our late president. I could not look at them without tears; they came from my heart, believe me—and with them the remembrance of his urbanity, and sweetness. The likeness of one, ("Thomas Moore")—our own green poet—delighted many. I must not, however, be unjust to Martin Archer Shee—he exhibits only four portraits; but they are graceful and pleasing—such as none but a gentleman could paint. He is much approved of, I hear, by all the academicians, and decidedly beloved by the students.

Do not saucily imagine that the gentlemen have it all their own way—and that we have no artists amongst us. Mrs. Carpenter ought to be an academician; Mrs. Pearson is a sweet, natural painter; the Misses Drummond are a credit to their sex; Miss Heaphy colours charmingly, and has given the world a portrait of Miss Spence. I cannot positively enumerate all the female exhibitors—all excelling in their respective paths; and it is right it should be so, for painting is not only a delightful, but a domestic amusement, and, therefore, particularly suited for women.

I have said nothing hardly about landscapes, and absolutely nothing about miniatures and enamels; there is the usual quantity of good, bad, and indifferent. I think the rooms were never so crowded; and I understand that upwards of four hundred pictures were rejected absolutely for want of room. The sculpture apartment is shocking—a demi-cellar sort of place, with two dingy windows; it is a pitiable spot for such beautiful works of art.

Bohnes' alto (I believe they call it *alto*) relieve—of "The Seven Ages,"—is a most powerful composition. I could write you a dozen pages upon it, and yet you could not comprehend half its grouping or character. Chantry, Baily, Westmacott, and others, are, as usual, beautiful; but will you forgive me, for feeling so pained at sculpture, as not to be able to contemplate its perfection—it tells me of DEATH!

And now, a kind adieu to you, good Sir. I would rather sit down and write you a letter, than any one I know of—nay nay, do not, I entreat, look so conceited, nor take that as a

compliment to yourself—it is simply because I love to correspond with my native land.

PUSS IN THE CORNER.

LA PAUVRE LIZZETTE.

(For the Dublin Literary Gazette.)

"Qui est donc la pauvre Lizzette," was the question I put to the storm-drenched *vacher*, as we sat drying our garments, and warming our frozen limbs at the fire of the friendly chalet, and it arose from the following circumstance:

Through the day I had been a lonely wanderer among the majestic and gloomy scenery of the Alps. Evening was drawing on, when I descended towards the ravine which lay beneath me, robed in the sea-like mist that was already spreading, in gloomy columns, along the mountain side, and united with the distant and rumbling sound which was heard, at intervals, conveying intelligence of an impending storm. The chalet was not far distant; and I was urging my steps towards it, with what speed an Alp-tired traveller could use, when, borne on the wailing breeze that swept by me, my ear caught a strange, strange sound. It was almost unearth-like in its tone, and yet it resembled, too, the human voice, so mournful it was, yet so calm, so sweet—yet so laden with grief; a superstitious mind might fancy it the plaint of a spirit that loved to linger round solitudes whose dreary desolateness might suit its own misery. As I descended lower, the sound became more and more distinct—and I found it consisted of one word repeated in the same plaintive tone, and lengthened out till the last syllable rose, something like a note of melancholy music, on the air. "Juillio—Juillio," I heard two or three times pronounced, in this mournful voice, before I saw, rounding the acclivity beneath me, the form of the hapless mourner—for such I felt must she be, from whom such notes of sorrow came. Age had not drawn its care-marking hand across her brow;—it was smooth, serene, unruined—but sorrow had stamped thereon its ineffaceable impression—had spread its character at once, and for ever, over the whole of that fair countenance, and then retired deep, deep, into the secret heart, and drying up every source of young excitement—every passion—hope, joy, fear, forbade these again to agitate or kindle the face of one which it had marked for its own. She wore the every-day dress of the Swiss peasant; the red handkerchief, from under which her long brown hair hung down below her back, strongly contrasted with the extreme paleness of her face and forehead; the red vest, bright petticoat, and coloured stockings, also assisted in forming a dress greatly at variance with the countenance of the wearer. On her arm she carried a child, whose dejected little face appeared to have caught the reflection of its hapless mother's, if such she was: it did not look around with the inquisitiveness, the intelligence, and animation, of engaging, wondering infancy; it sat silent, motionless, pale, and gentle-looking; and, as I gazed on the still youthful and handsome features of the mother, and saw that from them, too, all the glow and breathings of an intelligent soul had passed away, I felt interested for the one, and moved to pity for the other.

She passed me without seeming to notice my presence, or replying to my question; and, as she moved along the base of the frowning Alp,